

Rolling Stones, The

"Ride On, Baby"

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Rolling Stones - Ride On, Baby

A smile on your face
But not in your eyes
You're looking through me
You don't feel it inside
Get out and ride on, baby, ride on, baby
Ride on, baby, ride on, baby
I could pick your face out in an FBI file
You may look pretty but I can't say the same for your
mind
Ah ah ah
You walk up to me
And try to look shy
The red round your eyes
Says that you ain't a child
Get out and ride on, baby, ride on, baby
Ride on, baby, ride on, baby
Well i've seen your face in a trashy magazine
You know where you're going but I don't like the places
you've been
Ah ah ah
Get out and ride on, baby, ride on, baby
Ride on, baby, ride on, baby
I can pick your face out from the front or behind
You may look pretty but I can't say the same for your
mind
Ah ah ah
Laugh it a bit
Give it a try
If i'm not impressed
You can still cry
Get out and ride on, baby, ride on, baby
Ride on, baby, ride on, baby
By the time your thirty gonna look sixty-five
You won't look pretty and your friends will have kissed
you goodbye
Ride on, baby
Ride on, baby...

